NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swanee ribber.
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.—All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry where I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me lib and die.
All de world am sad and dreary, &c.

One little hut among de bushes;
One dat I love
Still saddly to my memory rushes,
No matter war I rove.
When will I see the bees a humming,
All round the comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?
All de world am sad and dreary, &c.

THE INDIAN WIFE.

A Tale of the Falls of St. Anthony.

Tahmiroo was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain; and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty; but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Her's was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependent women in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her down-cast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet, submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young, indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the Indians never pay degraded woman; and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the heart of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nath, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had bound the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent in nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful sports, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist in hunting, his rifle was sure to cry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his adoptation conform to the usages of savage life, made him a universal favorite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring petition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well fright him from its purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hands of the chief.

With the blasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian he answered, "There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale-faces that live among us. A King's daughter was the son of a King. Eagles must sleep in eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting and in war he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent, when they passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermillion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet.

The Chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Surtled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew he had lost none of his power.

The mariage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a King.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh: but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading, innocent look, which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in her former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him; and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind, approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love to which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings, on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victorie, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich coloring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the staid majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylphlike joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room, or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victorie only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victorie?"

It was too evident that de Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother, and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favor his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look, or word, of kindness, would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him anything, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tracts after tracts of Tahmiroo's valuable land were sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, whither he had the purpose of conveying his children, on pretence of a visit; but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders happened to visit the Falls of St. Anthony, just at this juncture; and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victorie. The Sioux pleaded with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pleaded in vain. Victorie and her father joined the company of traders, on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day she would die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux King!" exclaimed Victorie proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victorie, 'tis time to depart," said her father, sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself; but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for after all her doubts and jealousies, Victorie was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed de Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain; and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centered; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded anything like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chief.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victorie, before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy, that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young was in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for Florimond de Rance did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian Wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor, which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of the Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the spirit-land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut, where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit-Land together," she exclaimed. "He cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the falls of St. Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.—

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi! The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the falls, they often say, "Let us not hunt to-day. A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the falls of St. Anthony."

☞ "You cut my hair, but it does not seem to be any shorter," said a gentleman who had been under the operation of Giovanni's scissors.

"No—I cut it longer this time," said the barber.

Keep it before yourself, mechanic, that punctuality is a virtue; that work promised should always be done at the time, and well done, and then you need give yourself no fears for business.

Marry a man for his good sense, amiable temper, his sound morals, his habits of industry and economy, and you will then have a good husband.

Resignation.—"Jim has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow," replied the forlorn husband.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE RING IN NEW-YORK.

Prize-Fight on the Tapis. Stakes $1,500 a Side.

We understand that arrangements are being made in this city for a pugilistic set-to between two heavy men, one of whom figured in a fight some time since in the land of gold, and the other a man, who has not yet appeared in any affair of great moment. The men are both powerful men, and from the pains taken to get them in good condition, we have no doubt the mill, should it come off, will be a very exciting one. About six weeks from the present is the time announced, but we merely state the rumor as it was told to us.

Since the above was put in type we received the following

NOTICE TO THE SPORTING WORLD.—I, the undersigned, deem it my duty to explain to my friends and the public, that the long talked of match between me and John Morrisey is off for the present, in consequence of the gentleman whom we both agreed upon to have as stakeholder refusing to hold the stakes, and we could not agree on any other gentleman to act as stakeholder for the match. PATRICK DALEY.

Challenge.—I am now ready and willing to make a match to fight John Morrisey according to the rules that were before agreed upon, for the sum of $1,500 a side, and let any responsible person hold the stakes. Man and money ready at any time, at the house of John Fay, No. 27 Whitehall-street. If John Morrisey does not accept of the above challenge, I will consider myself champion. F. D.

McIntyre and Sanky.

Some time since a match was made between McIntyre, of Philadelphia, and Sanky, of this city, for a fight for $300. Owing to some cause not made public the fight is off, McIntyre receiving forfeit.—McIntyre is now in this city, and gave a sparring exhibition at the Grand-st. Hall on Monday evening last, at which several good pugilists assisted. The hall was well filled, and every thing passed off in good order.

THE TURF.

A First-Rate Jockey Race.

THE PURSE ALL RIGHT.

Centreville Course, Long Island, Wednesday, June 15.

Trotting match, $2,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named b. m. Flora Temple	2	2	1
F. J. Nodine named b. m. Highland Maid	1	1	dis.

This match, which has been so long talked of, and which promised such rare sport to the lovers of the turf, is pronounced by those who know, to have turned out a regular "shyster" affair, and the great number of those who bet so largely on the Highland Maid, are loud in their denunciations of the manner in which their favorite was "chiselled" out of the purse. If these jockey races are to be brought into play in our neighbourhood, it would be better for the proprietors of the courses to shut up shop, or those who get defrauded may take it into their heads to do some serious mischief. More money changed hands on this match than any that has taken place for years past, and those who bet large odds on the Highland Maid were always sure to find takers, the "knowing ones" having things fixed to suit themselves. Altogether we consider this race no more than a Peter Funk affair, and we are glad to know that nearly all those present at the race so expressed it.

As was anticipated, the above was the fastest harness race that ever took place. Pelham once trotted a heat in 2:28, but he could not repeat. The day was very favorable for speed—not too warm, with a gentle, refreshing breeze from the ocean, and the track in the most perfect order, which with the superb condition of the nags, combined to ensure a confirmation of the anticipations of the masses in regard to time, many of whom, in their wagers, marked as low as 2:29. There was a very large attendance at the course, the number being estimated at four thousand, nine-tenths of whom were betters on the race. Highland Maid was the favorite previous to the start at 100 to 60; after the first heat at 100 to 40; and before the start for the last heat, 100 to 10 on her went a begging. Never before was so much money won and lost on a trotting match; and never before did a race terminate so unfortunately to a favorite. Highland Maid had more speed than Flora, and could trot away from her in any part of the race; and still, either by the folly of her driver, in forcing her beyond her speed when there was no occasion for it, or by the reckless driving of Hiram Woodruff in running his mare into collision with the other, frightening her so as to break, the backers of Highland Maid were relieved of their finances, and the trotting track doomed to receive another stain on its already much disfigured escutcheon. More than one-half of the persons who witnessed the contest left the course under the impression that it was a jockey race, and that the driver of Highland Maid broke her up purposely; but this opinion was pronounced erroneous by others, as he had a great deal of money staked on his mare, as much, probably, as any other individual interested in the race. They attribute the cause of her defeat to the great anxiety of Mr. Nodine to take the lead on the turn; and after receiving the rap from Hiram, in forcing his mare too much to get clear of him. Had he held her together and gone moderately around, as soon as he struck straight work on the backstretch, he could have got away from Flora at his pleasure, won his money, and added to his reputation as a driver. But of these conflicting opinions we have nothing to say, further than that the race is not always to the swift; and the backers of Highland Maid must console themselves with the hope of better luck next time.

On the first heat the nags were started parallel, and for the first hundred yards were head to head. Highland Maid then began to draw gradually away from Flora, and was a length ahead at the quarter pole, in thirty-six and a half seconds. On the backstretch she opened the gap, and was a couple of lenghts clear at the half, in 1:13, both going as prettily as possible. On the lower turn, Flora made a brush for the lead, and closed quickly; but Highland Maid shook her off again, and led up the homestretch about a length in front, without the least apparent effort, crossing the score in 2:29.

In the second heat, they were started very evenly, and kept side and side until their wheels touched, when Highland Maid dashed away from Flora, and led to the quarter pole two lengths, in thirty-six seconds. She increased her speed down the backstretch, and was four or five lengths in front at the half mile pole—time, 1:11. She seemed to go a little easier around the lower turn, Nodine looking back at Hiram, and watching closely his movements. Hiram again cut Flora loose as he approached the homestretch, and closed very rapidly; but after getting within a couple of lengths of Highland Maid, she was kept there, and in that way came to the score. During the last half mile of this heat, Nodine paid more attention to the movements of Flora Temple than to his own mare; and had she not been one of the most honest nags in the world, would have broken up and lost the heat from his carlessness. Time, 2:27.

In the last heat, Flora Temple had the lead at the start by about half a length, and as Highland Maid closed with her, Hiram drew in, and the wheels of both vehicles came together, striking hard enough to break some of the spokes in the one of Highland Maid. The collision frightened her, and she trotted wildly away from Flora more than a length, when her check rein getting loose, she broke up, and would not trot again for some time. Flora was two hundred yards ahead of her at the half mile pole, and more at the stand. Time, 2:32.

After the race was over, the excitement on the track beggared description—some swearing that Nodine threw the race, and others abusing the judges for their decision. This should not have been done; because, as Justice is blindfolded, it cannot be expected, that she can see everything that is going on around the turns. Nodine was struck with a club as he came to the stand, but was not much hurt. At all the stopping places on the road on the return to town, similar scenes were enacted; and, no doubt, many of those who took parts in the play, will long regret their attendance at the race between Highland Maid and Flora Temple.

Epsom Races.

THE OAKS STAKES,
Thursday, May 26.

NETT VALUE OF STAKES £3,800.

The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three year old fillies, 8st 6lb each; the second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes and the winner to pay 100 sovs towards the police and regulations of the course, and 30 to the judge; one mile and a half; 141 subs.

1. Mr. Wauchope's br f Catharine Hayes, by Lanercost	Marlow,	1
8. Lord Exeter's ch f Dove by Woodpigeon	Rogers	2
6. Lord Glasgow's b f by Don John out of Miss Sarah	Pettit	3
14. Mr. J. M. Stanley's b f Nicotine, by Ion	A. Day	4
2. ‡ General Anson's ch f Lady Margaret, by Ithuriel	F. Butler	0
3. Mr. R. E. Cooper's ch f Miss Tennyson, by Slane	Bartholomew	0
4. ‡ Mr. Parker's ch f England's Beauty, by Irish Birdcatcher	H. Goater	0
5. Lord Glasgow's b f Coalition, by Don John	Whitehouse	0

Continued on 4th page.

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THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Having in our last issue pointed out the spot where a noble youth of America gave up his life in the cause of American Independence, we will now accompany the reader to the old churchyard of St. Paul's, in Broadway, at Fulton and Vesey street. Here lie the remains of many noble spirits whose lifetime was devoted to the great cause of universal freedom. That large block of white marble, with its face fronting Broadway, is in memory of Thomas Addis Emmet, who exemplified in his conduct, and adorned by his integrity, the policy and principles of the United Irishman—'To forward the brotherhood of affection, a community of rights, an identity of interests, and a union of power among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, as the only means of Ireland's chief good, an impartial and adequate representation in an Irish parliament.' For this (mysterious fate of virtue) exiled from his native land, in America, the land of freedom, he found a second country, which paid his love, by reverencing his genius. Learned in our laws and the laws of Europe, in the literature of our times, and in that of antiquity, all knowledge seemed subject to his use. An orator of the first order, clear, copious, fervid, alike powerful to kindle the imagination, touch the affections, and sway the reason and the will: simple in his tastes, unassuming in his manners, frank, generous, kind-hearted, and honorable; his private life was beautiful, as his public career was brilliant. Anxious to perpetuate the name and example of such a man, alike by his genius, his virtues, and his fate; consecrated to their affections by his perils, his sacrifices, and the deeper calamities of his kindred, in a just and holy cause: his sympathising countrymen erected this monument and cenotaph. "Born at Cork, April 24th, 1764; he died in this city, November 14th, 1827." A figure of an American eagle is seen beneath this inscription, sitting on the Irish harp, which, as an emblem of the condition of Ireland, is represented as unstrung, and surmounting these are two hands clasped together, on the bracelet of one of which are the stars of the Union, and on that of the other a wreath of shamrock. There are other inscriptions on the monument, but we have not room for them in this article. Next week we will point out the localities of the tombs of Captain James Lawrence, and Major-General Richard Montgomery, two names deeply cherished by the people of America.

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In France they are trampling Uncle Tom and his Cabin under foot, leastwise they are treading upon carpets representing episodes in the imaginative history of poor Tom.

* * * * * * * * *

Rather Severe.—A celebrated preacher was met one day last week by a man whose character for honesty would not bear the strictest scrutiny, and in order to "rig" the "old man" as he used to call the minister, he said—

"Well, pop, did you preach last Sunday?"

"Yes," quietly replied pop.

"I wish I'd known it, I'd liked to have heard you."

"Would you, indeed; if you had been where you *ought to have been*, you might have heard me."

"Where was it, any how, pop, I'll come next Sunday."

"*In the State's Prison*," said the minister.

* * * * * * * * *

Talking about tombstones, the following epitaph may be seen on an old one in Trinity churchyard:—

In sunny days, in stormy weather,
In youth, in age, we clung together,
We liv'd and lov'd, and laugh'd and cried
Together, and together died.

* * * * * * * * *

How much truth there is in the following:—"It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to become poor and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting."

Secure a copy of the CLIPPER early, otherwise it is sometimes a matter of doubt if it can be had when the week is far advanced, notwithstanding we increase our number each week. All the newsdealers have it for sale.

* * * * * * * * *

Baby Talk.—Who among our large list of readers has not heard language similar to the following? Almost every mother, especially with her first-born, indulges in those little playful sayings, but whether to the edification of the "little stranger," is a matter of doubt:

Where *is* the baby? Bess its heart—
Where is muzzer's darling boy?
Does it hold its little hands apart,
The dearest bessen toy?
And so it does; and will its little chin
Grow jest as fast as butter?
And will it poke its little fingers in
Its tunnin little mouth, and mutter
Nicey wicey words,
Just like itle yallar birds?
And so it will; and so it may,
No matter what its pappy, mammy say,
And does it wink its little eyesses,
When its mad and ups and crieses?
And does it squall like chick-a-dees
At every thing it sees?
Well it does? Why not, I pray?
Aint it muzzer's darlin *evey* day?
Oh! what's the matter! oh my! oh my?
What makes my sweetest chicken ky?
Oh nasty, ugly pin, to prick it;
Its darlin muzzer's darlin cricket!
There! there! she's thrown it in
The fire; the kuel, wickid pin!
There! hush my honey; go to sleep,
Rocked in e kadle of a deep!

* * * * * * * * *

The following dialogue took place between a couple of "cullud folk" last Sunday morning:—

"Hello, Jim, how is you dis mornin, eh! been down to de market, eh?

"Yes, I bin dare eber since lass nite, so's I be dare airly in der mornin."

"Dat *is* a good way—what you got in dat basket, eh?"

"I got leetle ob eberyting—clams, eels, some nice liber, lobster, and one ting anoder like dem."

"Golly, did you git 'em all, eh? is dare any ting down dare now, fit to eat, eh?"

"Oh, yes, dare's a good deal dare yet, if you hab any money to pay for 'em."

The last remark was not heard by the other darkey, or there might have been a muss.

A Scent of Cow Bay, or Rambles among the Five Points.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN PARTY WHO NOSE IT.

In this age of travel, when every place of note in foreign countries is described with accurate minuteness, with panoramic illustrated views to match, and anecdotes and incidents connected with the trip, why is it that our own delightful country is neglected? We have in our own city objects of uncommon interest, the descriptions of which would be of incalculable value to future travellers, and well repay any enterprising lecturer. We have lately had among us a person who has been *lecturing on the Alps of Switzerland*, with an *attempt* he made to reach the summit of that everlasting mountain of snow and ice, Mont Blanc.

Ascent of Mont Blanc.
A Scent of Five Points.

What a similarity exists between these widely separated and overpowering creations Shall we describe our adventures in our Rambles through the Points, and also a scent of Cowbay? We think we hear our readers say "go on," and with their consent we shall endeavor to give what will be considered but a feeble description of the reality.

Our party consisted of six, who had determined to brave the dangers of the obnoxious scent of the Five Points, and, if possible, to reach the summit of our desires. Having engaged an M. P. as guide, one on whom hundreds of others had previously relied for success, we made every necessary preparation, and on the morning of Monday, June 20, 1853, we assembled together at the hotel, corner of Chatham and Orange streets, fully resolved to "go it while we're young." Our party, which had been selected expressl for this occasion, consisted of Mose Gilbreth, Jake Manlove, Tobias Doolittle, Zeph. Duberry, John Smith and myself. The M. P. being only a guide, cannot be counted. The morning opened brilliant, and after laying in a stock of provisions, cologne water, &c., we started on the perilous journey. Our course, at first, was to follow the *straight* road of Orange, until we could go no further—slowly past old clo' shops, beer cellars, and Dutch groceries, we wended our way, the first distinct odors of the *scent* giving us proof of what we might expect when our journey should be further prosecuted—still in the Orange path, amid pools of stagnated water, and hills of every size of dirt and offal, with here and there the dead carcase of some unfortunate animal, met our gaze at every step, causing a shudder to pass over us, and inviting us to partake of the counteracting effects of the Cologne. At this early stage of our journey in the region of a lager beer cellar, Smith gave out, and leaving him a *few* provisions, we passed on. We now arrived close to the first *glazier*, who had a box of glass on his back, which shone in the rays of the sun like a *diamond;* this *glazier* seemed bent on impeding our progress, but Mose and Jakey took it upon themselves to make a passage, which they did in gallant style, knocking the glazier into the yawning precipice of the late Peter Williams' establishment; this difficulty over, we kept on our way, the *scent* becoming more and more obnoxious and less endurable; Doolittle now gave out, and stepped in to see one of the g'hals in this neighborhood; he promised, however, to endeavor to accompany us on our return. We continued a few rods further, which brought us to the termination of the block commencing at Chatham, and as four hours had now elapsed since we commenced to scent the scent, it was deemed advisable to come to a halt for a short time, in order to recruit ourselves for the next part of our travel, which the guide told us would try our nerves. We sat down upon a ledge of curbstone, and each one producing some crackers and cheese, with a little Monongahala Whiskey, the only food used in this little locality, we soon forgot the perils we had undergone, or those which were to follow. In order to while away the time, each one in his turn related a joke from Joe Miller, or some other equally witty writer, palming it off as original. Mose said our party, while we were eating made him feel as if he was flying. "Why," says Jakey. "Because we're going through the exercise of the *swallow*."

This was very good, and caused much "lafture."

Duberry said the five-points' children going to church in procession, put him in mind of a penny trumpet.

"Why" says I.

"Because they go *two-too*," says he.

This was also good, but the best joke we made ourself:

"The people of these Five Points always put me in mind of parsons," says I.

"How the h—ll do you make that out," says Mose.

"Why," says I, "they nearly all live by *preying*."

The "lafture" was so venemous as to make me cautious how I made jokes in future, as our party would not be able to stand it. We now felt refreshed, and taking another pull at the black bottle, we got ready for our second scent, which promised to be worse than the first.

On looking before us, we found several different paths, though all seemed equally dangerous; the guide said he would lead us by either one we selected, for he had been through 'em all. A consultation was held, present, Mose, Jakey, Duberry and myself, the guide likewise taking part in describing the different routes. "That ere," says he, "is the Cross route, that ere, the St. Anthony route, that over yander the Cowbay route, and this here little narry path is the Little Water. There's a good many prusserpaces in 'em all, but that ere Cowbay is the worst, because the scent there is enough to knock a horse down." This at once determined us not to go by the Cowbay route, and after putting it to vote it was settled to take the route of Little Water. On entering the path, the effect of the scent was sickening, and each one was compelled to grasp the guide to prevent falling down the huge precipice that leads to old Mom Allen's dance-house. Here numerous heads were seen protruding from crevices in the perpendicular walls, and the effect was such as to warrant us in taking up our quarters for the night, good entertainment being promised us. We all entered one of these crevices, and after becoming more familiar with the heads, we retired to rest to dream of the dangers of the morrow.

This is the latest information we have been able to give for this number of the CLIPPER, but in our next, we promise a continuation, of this vast and stupendous undertaking.

Handsome Printing.

Every other paper in New York is better printed, or at least more readably printed, than the New York Herald. How, or why, that journal is printed so poorly, we cannot tell, for we have read a great deal about the superior printing facilities at "our office."

A Challenge.

Mr. Heiser, one of the owners of the new clipper ship "Sweepstakes," launched on Saturday last, offers to put up a wager of $50,000 against any three vessels in the port of New York, that the Sweepstakes will outsail them in a run of 2,000 miles to sea and back, without making a stop. Here's a good chance for some of our fast clippers. Who speaks first?

POSTSCRIPT.

PUGILISTIC.

GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN BARNUM AND AN UNKNOWN.

Tremendous Excitement!

OVER 000 ROUNDS!!

The Authorities on the Watch—Escape of Barnum!

The greatest excitement has been produced in our city since the result of the above contest became known. It appears, as near as we have been able to gather the particulars, that a misunderstanding existed between the parties, and on the 15th inst. they met, each combatant being ably seconded in the exciting contest.

The spot selected for the fight is situated in Dey-street, that locality being a spot totally unknown to the police, and affording that privacy which the importance of the affair demanded. It is proper to say that Barnum won the choice of ground, and his knowledge of business at once led him to select the spot named.

THE MEN.

Barnum is well known in this community, though he has never, to our knowledge, been considered a first class man in the prize ring, and but few encounters has he figured in, though there is no doubt, with proper training and total abstinence, he might be put in proper condition to fight any man for his life. He weighs about 10 stone, and on stripping, showed that he was able to endure some hard knocks, there being no superfluous flesh about him; his long reach gave him an advantage over his opponent, which he was not slow to take advantage of. Altogether his appearance increased the confidence of his backers, and bets were made on the strength of it.

The unknown, who is a stranger in this city looked well, though his appearance betokened much anxiety as to the result of the contest he was about to engage in. His weight is about the same as his opponent's, though his length of reach is inferior; his condition was rather against him, though it must be allowed that the little time given him for preparation, prevented his friends bringing him to the scratch in good order.

THE JOURNEY DOWN.

Barnum and his friends, in order to give the M. P.'s the slip, started about 1 o'clock from the Museum, and after passing several officers, who failed to recognise him, walked round some of the by-paths, so as to be able to take the first conveyance that offered. The difficulty in crossing Broadway at this point, delayed the party nearly an hour, but after a swift and straight run along the west shore of that thoroughfare, the voyagers arrived safely at the spot in Dey-street, where they found the other party waiting, and wondering at the delay of Barnum. The preliminary arrangements occupied but a short time, and every thing being pronounced in readiness, the men stepped up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On toeing the scratch, the men presented a much finer appearance than had been anticipated, and reminded us of two fighting gladiators. Neither party offered to begin the battle, but stood eyeing each other intently. Barnum at last approached the unknown cautiously, and lunged out his right, but was prettily stopped by one of his friends arresting the arm before the blow reached its destination. The unknown stood up to fend off the threatened blow, not offering to return on his competitor. Each one now struggled for the fall, both down, the chairs under.

Round 2.—Barnum first approached the scratch; his opponent not slow to follow; "Why don't you begin," said the unknown, with his hands in a good position for defence. Barnum looked wicked, but was again calmed by his friends, and both down again.

Round 3.—The unknown, eager for the assault, Barnum rather cautious in his movements, though evidently bent on mischief. "Why don't you hit," again said the unknown. "I've a notion to give you a damn good licking," replied Barnum, and at the same time made a feint with his left, just missing the right ogle of the unknown, who in his hurry to avoid the intended blow, slipped down on his chair.

Round 4.—Both parties on coming up to the mark, showed the effects of the last round; Barnum seemed to be anxious to finish the contest, and with this object approached his opponent hurriedly, saying, as he lunged out hurriedly with his right, "you're a d—d thief, villain, scoundrel;" "Why don't you hit," said the unknown; this was the signal for Barnum to put in his one, two on the conk of the unknown, but making a feint with his left, in order to draw his opponent's right, he slipped, and would have struck the ground heavily but for the chair breaking the fall.

Round 5.—Bets which had been taken at 2 to 1 on Barnum, were now offered even, with takers. The want of condition in the unknown began to show, and the total abstinence of Barnum prevented his seconds from strengthening him with a suck of the bottle. Both men at the scratch, long sparring for wind, Barnum had the best of it, and with his head thrown forward, and his right ready to "go in," he looked wicked enough. The unknown, laughing, said "why don't you begin?" Barnum's right thrown out as a feeler, but was handsomely stopped again, in consequence of his opponent being out of reach, counter hits by Barnum, upsetting the ink-bottle, and the force of the concussion throwing him on his seat again. *First blood for Barnum, first knock down for the unknown.*

Round 6—On coming to the scratch, both men looked much distressed, and the effects of the last set down was perceptible in the legs of Barnum. The unknown showed marks of the ink, and seemed anxious to close up the office. Barnum made a tremendous lunge with his open hand on the desk, and remarked to his opponent that if he said half a dozen words he would lick him. "Why don't yo do it," said the unknown. "Becau 'm a rich man, and you want me to strike you, so that you can get some of my money;" heavy and hard talking, neither party having the alvantage; mutual cessation of hostilities for a few seconds, the combatants walking up to their friends, and engaging in conversaton. Barnum suddenly at the scratch again; the unknown equally quick at the mark. (Tremendous cheering outside the houe). "I'll get a poor man to lick you;" said Barnum, "Why don't you do it yourself," said the unknown. "Because I'm a rich man," said Barnum; more sparring for wind, great excitement among the outsiders; Barnum's left almost reached the pork and bear trap of his opponent, who ran around theroom to escape punishment, but suddenly turned round upon his pursuer, and said, "Why don't you hit?" Cheers for the unknown, who jumped away laughing, but almost received a wicked upper-cut from Barnum's one, two, as they were coming down on the counter, the concussion being so great as to throw Barnum heavily on the chair. This round lasted full 20 minutes, each one giving and receiving, and the audience cheering both parties for their endeavors to win. This round had the effect of weakening both men, and they laid flat until time was again called for.

Round the 7th and last.—Barnum came up groggy, and apparently almost done; the unknown just closing up his office, so that it would be impossible to see much longer, the marks of ink had become still more perceptible, and the sufferings of both men must have been anything but pleasant; neither one seemed able to stand up on their pins, which were shaky and weak. Barnum still game, made a dash at his opponent's smeller, but was short; the exertion almost laid him open to severe punishment, had his opponent been able to take advantage of it, but in his efforts to avoid the blow, he staggered and almost fell; office almost closed and the men seemed to be unable to see each other, though they still stood up to it. One blow from either side would have ended the battle. The men were fought to a stand still, and the office being now closed up, it was decided by the referee that the fight be brought to a close, which was cheerfully acquiesced in by the principals and seconds. The fight lasted precisely two hours and fifteen minutes, during which time several terrific rounds were fought.

REMARKS.

Of the merits of this battle we have not much to say, though it cannot be denied that the rounds were fought in an unflinching manner by both parties. The terrific counter-hit by Barnum was one of the most scientific exhibitions of pugilism it has ever been our happiness to witness. But we cannot at this opportunity pass without remarking that had Barnum dealt out his right on the nut of the unknown, when he was chasing him round the room, the fight would have been brought to a speedy termination. That the unknown was game there is no question whatsoever, and had proper attention been paid by his trainers, he would have won the battle; as it was, he proved an ugly customer to Barnum, and if he intends to renew the contest, we hope he will be brought to the scratch in better condition than he was at this fight. Barnum showed that he possesses considerable scientific abilities, and his counter-hits we have never seen surpassed. If Barnum were to reduce himself to even 10 stone, he would be a noble specimen of a prize fighter, and could, doubtless, wrest the championship from the renowned Hyer if a match could be made, and if any one is desirous of getting up a match between these two gentlemen, we have no doubt it will be worth a journey to Jamestown to see. We are willing to hold the stakes should it come to a fight, and will use our endeavor to see that everything is conducted in a becoming manner. That Barnum suddenly left the city to avoid the M. P.'s cannot be denied, though it is equally certain that should any proposals be made for a match, he can be heard from by addressing a note to that individual in our care. A small stake will be necessary to prevent any unnecessary disappointment. When the above fight is renewed, we advise our readers to be on hand, and we promise them a good day's sport.

Talk on 'Change.

Full board, owing to the approach of the dog-days, and the necessity of taking some action upon the subject. It was stated that as long as the price of muzzles remained at two shillings, just so long would owners of dogs prefer to lose them, rather than invest such an amount of money for so trifling a matter.

A gentleman said he liked the plan of giving the boys fifty cents a piece for every dog they brought to the pound. He would like to see the law go in force immediately as the 4th was coming, and the boys would work hard for their money.

A stranger deprecated the wicked practice of tying tin kettles to dogs tails; he said this made as many mad dogs as the warm weather. He would like to see a reward of fifty cents offered for every boy as well as dog, brought to the pound with a tin pan fixed to his tail. Carried.

The opening of the World's Fair was again talked about, and much spirited discussion took place as to who were to be the doorkeepers, and if any free tickets were to be given out, and if so, to whom. A director said the press would have free tickets, because if they had not, their opposition to the Fair would be ruinous. He also stated that a private opportunity would be given the press to examine the goods before the opening, and a grand supper was to be tendered them. A gentleman said they might consider it an attempt to bribe the press. The director said there was not the least danger, they were quite used to those kind of bribes, and the press never hesitated to give a beautiful puff on the day succeeding these suppers. Give the editors good living and free tickets, and they will puff up anything. Pending these disclosures the board adjourned.

That Atlantic Balloon Excursion.

Mr. Petin, who was to have started on his balloon excursion on the 5th inst., for England, met with a disaster by which one of his balloons was rendered useless, and he was compelled to forego his trip for the present.

That Balloon Gag.

What has become of the balloon man, at the Hippodrome? Hasn't he come down yet? It reminds us of a little ditty we have often read, only we have altered it to suit the times:

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous *Wise*,
He went up from the Hippodrome
And nearly reached the skies.
But when he found that he was out
Of pocket in the main,
He vow'd that he would go'er go up
From that Hippodrome again.

MORAL.—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Still Another New Yacht.

Mr. George Steers, the famous builder of the yacht America, is now building a yacht of 108 tons, of a model similar to that of the America, and calculated to rival in speed even that wonderful craft. The new yacht will be larger than any vessel of the New York Yacht Club, except the Maria.

How to Keep Cool.

Don't get "into" a passion.

The Pictorial Picayune.

To those who wish a hearty laugh, (and it must be recollected a hearty laugh is more conducive to health than fried clams) we should recommend a copy of the Pictorial Picayune, just issued on a large double sheet, and for sale at the various news depots throughout the city, at the uncommonly low price of 6¼ cents. Try it, and laugh and grow fat.

The Corpse of Spring.

On opening the coffin supposed to contain the body of Arthur Spring, *lately* executed for murder, nothing but a log of wood and some old clothes were found.

Circulation of Newspapers.

We have lately obtained some information concerning the various copies of papers circulated by the Sunday and weekly press. Our readers would be surprised did they know how newspapers are given to lying.

THE MART OF TRADE.

We design to set apart a small space in our paper for the business notices of advertisers generally. These notices we shall endeavor to make interesting as well as instructive, and the cheap rate at which they are inserted, will afford the business community a favorable opportunity for placing a list of their commodities before the citizens of New York, as well as throughout every section of the Union.

A Husband Returned from the Store.

A PARODY.

Dedicated to Hiram Anderson, of 99 Bowery.

A husband returned from the store,
With spirits as light as the air,
And then, as he smoked his segar,
He spoke of the power of the fair:
"The noise at our house now is over,
My wife no more flies from my arms,
She scolds me no more, and I love her,
I bend to the power of her charms;
Oh, Hiram, dear Hiram, I'm thine,
I purchased thy carpets of beauty,
Tho' the hearth rugs and carpets are mine,
Yet my wife said 'I'd not done my duty,'
The husband his wife warmly press'd,
And vow'd that his bills were all paid,
'Not so,' while she leaned on his breast,
And thus to that happy man said:
"Go up to that Ch ap Carpet Store,
And thank the proprietor for me;
And then will I love thee the more
Yes, dearest, I'll perish with thee."
"Oh, Hiram, dear Hiram, I'm thine,
When I bought those rich carpets of beauty,
I knew not what joys would be mine.
Yet my wife learned her husband his duty!"

"Some of those fine Cherries."

A sign, with the above inscription upon it, can generally be seen during the cherry season, at a stand in the Bowery, and when the sign is not in season for cherries, it is altered to suit other luxuries, and sometimes it reads "some of those fine porgy," &c. Speaking of *cherries* reminds us of an invitation we accepted a few days since, to examine the Picture Gallery of Mr. Rogers, at No. 150 Fulton street, up stairs. Almost every picture, of any merit whatever, can be seen at this establishment, and gentlemen about to form a collection, or fit up saloons, can be suited with the most beautiful and varied assortment to be found in this city.

A Curious Document.

A short time ago, while walking along one of our most crowded thoroughfares, we espied a slip of white paper upon the ground before us. Thinking it might be a prize of some value, or at least a tender billy-doo, we hastily picked it up, and after many attempts have been unable to decipher the meaning of the lines thereon. We place the document before our readers, however, hoping some of them may be able to make it out.

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The Daguerreotype Business.

This business is now successfully practised in nearly every country, and though vast improvements have been made in the art, it never before occurred to our citizens that the most useful application of it remained to be perfected. Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, hatters, of Chatham street, opposite Chambers, who are ever alive to the interests of their patrons, conceived the bright idea of applying the daguerrian discovery to the beautifying, and still further usefulness of their hats, and now every purchaser at the above store has his own likeness inserted in his hat free of expense.

Real Gentlemen.

Can be recognized by their manners, not by their outside covering; and this reminds us that the dull appearance of stoves, grates, ornamental iron work, &c., can be overcome by the application of Myers' Polish, for sale by Jos. H. Price, No. 321 Spring street.

Our National Anniversary.

On the 4th day of July, 1776, a gallant band of the enemies of tyranny and oppression, assembled in the State House of Philadelphia, and there, with fearless hearts and hopeful anticipations of the future, affixed their signatures to that Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed our land free and unfettered. We are now about to celebrate the anniversary of that glorious day, and, as is generally the case, accidents from gunpowder and the various descriptions of fireworks are to be looked for, and by having a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief in every family and locality, much suffering may be avoided.

A Broadway Smash.

Who among the numerous throngs that promenade Broadway, have not, at some time or other, witnessed those fearful collisions that almost daily take place between the Museum and Fulton Street. A gentleman who had been considerably injured by one of these Broadway smashes, a few days since, was greatly relieved by having administered to him a pure Brandy Smash, procured at the Live and let Live Saloon of Messrs. Walnut & Radford, in Broadway, near Fulton street.

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The Battle decided.

THE SECOND MATCH BETWEEN JONES AND DONNELLY, FOR 200 SOVEREIGNS.

EXCITING CONTEST.

The last meeting between these skilful boxers was adjourned from the 30th of March to a day not then named, in consequence of the failure of daylight, the protraction of the battle, which was tremendous in the determination and perseverance of the combatants, compelling them to draw. The second match was made for the 1st of June, and the spot chosen for the battle was Broomhill Common, where the late championship struggle was decided, and almost upon the same ground. The friends of Donnelly were sanguine, and freely offered 7 to 4. He had certainly the superiority in science, but this was so nearly balanced by the strength and resolution of Jones, who unites these qualities in the highest degree to no mean amount of fistic skill, that the match by no means offered the grounds of confidence which the state of the betting indicated. Round after round was contested with unflinching bravery, Donnelly planting his left with great severity on Jones's "os frontis," while the latter rushed in and from time to time reached the ribs of his opponent with weakening frequency. Thus they went on nntil at 4 or 5 rounds from the unexpected termination, 4 to 1 was betted on Donnelly. That Jones was still eminently dangerous, the event proved; his strength and courage were certainly undiminished; and in the 35th round, in the midst of some desperate in-fighting, he succeeded in planting his right on the side of Donnelly's jawbone near the chin. Donnelly fell, and such was the effect of the blow, that he was unable to respond to the call of time. The battle lasted two hours and six minutes,

We have not, up to the time of going to press, received the full particulars of the battle, but in our next number of the *Clipper*, we will give all the details of this intensely exciting and desperate match. So look out for the *Clipper* next week.

An Actor Gone.

Mr. W. G. Jones, an actor, for a long time attached to the National Theatre in this city, died at his residence, corner of Bowery and Hester street, on Monday morning last, aged 36 years. As an actor Mr. Jones was a great favorite; in his delineation of the sailor character he had few, if any, equals, and it will be a long time ere his place on the stage can be filled by any actor, or by one who will be able to obtain such approbation of crowded audiences as nightly greeted Mr. Jones during his sojourn among us.

Mr. Jones was frank and good-humored in all his associations of life, both public and private, and his generosity was ever alive to the wants of others, for it was to contribute his mite for the benefit of one who had rescued many lives at the Norwalk calamity, that we saw him perform for the last time. He then informed us that he intended after that evening to endeavor to recruit his health by giving up his engagements at the theatre for a few weeks. He was very hoarse at that time, and evidently needed some relaxation from his arduous duties. We met him about ten days before his death, near his residence, and he then told us he felt much better, and hoped to be well in a short time. On Sunday morning last, he got up from his bed and walked across the room, although he had been warned by his physicians that it would hurry his journey to the grave. On the following morning he breathed his last. He leaves a wife and two interesting children.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, and was attended by the various actors in the city, by all the attaches of the National Theatre, by the Order of United Americans, of which he was a member, by the Masonic fraternity, by the Dramatic Fund, by the National Fencibles, and by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. His remains now rest beneath the lovely shades of Greenwood.

"Peace to his ashes."

The Sunday Press.

The falling off in the circulation of the Sunday press has been so great within the last few weeks, as to induce many of them to enlarge, or put forth other attractions to regain their lost ground. The Dispatch had more reading in their last number, owing, we suppose, to our friendly notice in a former number. The Sunday Courier was announced to appear as the *largest* of the Sunday papers, but it did not fulfil its promise. Come, gentlemen, pay a little more attention to the wants of your *readers*, or we shall have to show you up.

ANN-STREET,

AS IT WAS, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

On the lower side of Ann-street, a few doors from Barnum's Museum, stands an old woodden shantee, which has more interesting reminiscences connected with it than many older houses in this city. Twenty-five years ago it was the favorite resort of first class gamblers. There was a billiard room in the rear, for the exclusive use of the professional gamblers. All heavy matches were played upon those tables. Hiram, the Albany Poney, as he was called, once played a match in this room for $2,000. It was supposed that he was the best player in the world, and he was pitted against a Southern gambler named Miller; they were to play a certain number of games, the winner of the greatest number of course to win the match. "Mockason Jackson," a rich old business man, but a great lover of sport, was the Poney's backer, and no one doubted but that he would win the match, as he was constantly playing, and had the run and hang of the table. The day arrived and the play commenced, Hiram leading off in great style, but at last he began to miss his most favorite shots. The betting became brisk, reaching at least $25,000! It had rained during the day and the table was damp. Hiram made no allowance for this, but played as usual, and of course frequently failed. Miller, on the contrary, played to suit the table, and, contrary to all expectation, won the match. Hiram afterward went to England with Jackson, expecting to beat all the English players, but was sadly mistaken. For many years after the closing of the billiard room, the front part of the house was used as a gaming room, in which both faro and roulette were played. Hundreds of young men were ruined in those rooms, and some of the most remarkable forgeries, embezzlements and suicides, which at the time of their commission started the City, had their origin in this old house; but when it was in the height of its glory, gaming was confined to very narrow limits. Now splendid gambling saloons are in all the fashionable streets, and are as easy of access as any other public house, so that the old Ann-st. den has fallen into disrepute.

Four or five years ago it was the favorite resort for thieves, stuffers, droppers, thimble riggers, &c., who met there to play faro, poker, and brag. It was then known as the "*Tubby Frank*." A faro bank was opened every morning for the "crowd," and as fast as they got broke they would sally forth into the streets to make a raise, and, when made, would return and "rush their money." Among the anecdotes told of these thieves is the following: A gambler, named Macgan, a harmless, inoffensive sort of man, occasionally opened a faro bank for them. One morning, before commencing operations, he took off his coat and hung it against the wall, and soon after was deeply immersed in his game. A thief, who had lost all his money, retired from the table and deliberately took down Mac's coat, and went to a pawnbroker's shop and pledged it for $5---returned with the money and began to play. He was successful, and soon quit $50 winner---redeemed the coat and placed it where he found it. Another broken thief then took the coat, pledged it for the same sum, and then lost the money. When the bank closed, the gambler missed his coat, and was told where he could find it, the thief at the same presented him with the pawnbroker's ticket; but what annoyed Mac more than all was, that the only money he had lost that day was the $50 the thief won who first stole his coat. If the walls of this old house could speak, they could tell of more fun and frolic, of more crime, wretchedness and despair, of more acts of villany, of more plans to ruin prosperous men and virtuous women, than any other walls ever reared within the City. The "Old Brewery" of the Five Points, is famed for its squalid misery and monstrous vices, but the crimes of this little old house would sink those of the "Old Brewery" into insignificance. Both may be razed from the face of the earth and forgotten, but the evil deeds conceived, matured, and perpretrated within them will live forever.

New York, June 1, '53.

Dear Muther,—I'm in luck, for don't I hould an offis under the Corpuration, as boss street sweeper.

I was hired as a scraper, and purmoted the first day, the inspector sayd for my gude luck, and the kwick turn I had wid me.

Murder, but I feel so big that me corduroys are grown too small fur me; so sind me anuther pare, and tell Peggy, the darlint, to save bur the trubble of ritin, jist to sow a patch on the heel in thim to remimbur hur by.

Maybe the gossoons under me arent jallis iv me, fur a green-horn, as they call me, to be bossin it over thim, Nativ Amiricins. I kno well enouf they'd be fur lettin day light into my windpipe, onley that I'm asey wid thim, and whin the inspecthor's not lukin, let thim skulk. It's thin they call me a fine boy, bad luck attind thim for their deceateful flattery, fur o well kno they jusht as lave stick me as luk at me.

Musha, mother, but I wish you and Peggy wur here to see the fine, butiful places we have; the ises wud be wilted out iv ye fur lukin at thim. I wint up the other day to wan ov thim soger wather stands, and axt fur glass—fur I wus strangled wid the druth. The man put in sum treackle out iv a bottle, and thin the white stuff came fizzling up thrue something like the neck iv a goose, fur all the wurld like a porpus spouting up wather on the say. Dhrink kwick! sed he, as it wint foamin over the side iv the tumbler; an feth I did, but the divil a stine ov breth did it lave in me hole body, an the pane up in me nose was dhredful.

Ye must always dhrink it before it settles, says he; in troth thin, sez I, ye've settled me, an I walked away. Come back here, sez he, an settle wid me—but I wud'nt an made ov wid mesilf, and he after me. I made for the Widdy Casey's, but a big countbryman iv mine, wid a star on his breast, and brass enouf in his face to make 6 more, tripped me up, and doun I fell.

Don't stur! sez he, or I'll make this locust burn St. Patrick's Day over yere ibrow. Don't do it, sez I, fur that spot is tinder. By an by up cums ould soger wather, an the pelseman axed him what I had been dooin? He chated me out iv 3 cints, sez he; ye blaggard, sez I, did'nt ye go to *windgall* me wid yer frothy stuff. It's a lie fur ye, sez he, it's as gude as iver wus dhrunk. so pay me or go to the tombs, but me timper wus up, for the chase he giv me, an I tould him I wud'nt, so feth the pelliseman tuk me to the jail, and they put me in a stone cill all be mesilf. Till ye here from me agin, simpathise, you and Peggy, wid

Yure affeeshunate and unfortunate,

SHAMUS.

Our Predictions.

We make the following startling predictions, based upon our immense knowledge of human nature, and of astrological developments:

About these times much fireworks will be set off, go off, or be taken off,—mark this and if we err, remind us of it.

Bell-ringers will be kept unusually busy, not only for fire alarms, but for false alarms.

Live Lords, Counts, pickpockets, thieves, and other notables, will throng into our city, until one cannot be distinguished from another.

Many pockets will become lighter, and no charge will be made for the removal of deposits.

Men will be patriots now, who never were before.

And those who patriots always were will be so more.

Boys and girls *will* find money in the gutters of our streets, or in the tills of their employers.

Boarding-house keepers will have no room for boarders, in consequence of the numerous visits of their country cousins.

In short—

The sun shall circle round the earth each passing day,
And none be bold enough to bid it stay.
The moon shall rise, (except when it dont shine).
And then the nights will be uncommon fine.
Some temperance folks will slyly take a nipper,
But old folks and young will surely take the *Clipper*.
These things will come and more for which we'll seek,
And place before you all the coming week.

TO SPORTSMEN, CALIFORNIANS, AND OTHERS,

Alfred Woodham,

No. 160 Fulton-street, one door West of Broadway,

OPPOSITE "ST. PAUL'S" CHURCH.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz: Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c., &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's" Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's" Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

The Original Newspaper Depot.

S. HALLOCK,

No. 150 Fulton Street.

General Agent for supplying all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Cheap Books, Magazines, &c., &c.

Dealers will find it much to their advantage to patronise the oldest establishment in the United States. By so doing they can have all their Books, Magazines and Newspapers packed carefully in one package, thus avoiding the additional expense of many bundles. Arrangements have been made with the various Publishers, Steamboat and Railroad Companies, for the earliest transmition of Newspapers, &c., superior to any other house.

CARPETINGS.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SALES ROOM No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

SALES ROOM No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard, Manufactured for our city sales.

SALES ROOM No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

SALES ROOM No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

SALES ROOM No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

SALES ROOM No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s. and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N.B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb25 3m

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No. 21 Ann Street,

General Agents for supplying the city and country with Daily and Weekly Newspapers, cheap Books and Magazines,

Take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in this city.

All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangement with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

Now all of you Country Dealers who are bothered almost to death by the lateness and irregularity of your bundles, send on the *Cash* and give the *Working Firm* a trial, and you will have no cause in future to complain. "*Care and Speed*" is our motto.

MYERS'

Empire Stove Polish,

FOR POLISHING

GRATES, STOVES,

STOVE PIPES,

Or any *Ornamental Work* of *Cast Iron* or *Wood*; which for *cleanliness* in its application, *beauty* and *durability* of its *Lustre*, is warranted to be *superior* to *any thing* heretofore offered to the public for that purpose. All orders addressed to

JOS. H. PRICE, 321 SPRING St.

will meet with prompt attention.

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The greatest Newspaper and Periodical Depot in the world—where all the Daily, Weekly, and Sunday Papers, Magazines, Periodicals, and Novels may be obtained as soon as published, together with Blank Books, Stationery, Grate Apron Cut Paper, &c. ROBERT P. ELLIOT, Agent.

Ap. 23-tf.

READING FOR THE MILLION.

Harpers' Magazine, one and sixpence; Putnam, Graham, and Godey, twenty cents.

All the Daily and Weekly Papers, and Periodicals, immediately on publication.

E. COZENS, News Agent,
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JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT" (177 Bowery, near Delancy), still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly, and Daily Papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publications, when out, together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town), but at the sufficiently low price of 18¾ cents. "Live and et live," is our motto.

R. R. R.

LIFE, HEALTH, STRENGTH,

PURE BLOOD, SOUND BODY, AND CLEAR SKIN, IS INSURED TO ALL WHO TAKE RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

ITS QUICK ACTION.

The moment this powerful Renovator of the Blood and Resolver of Disease is taken into the body, it commences its work of cleansing and purification.

Bones that are rotten with poisonous and diseased deposits, are made sound and whole by its action.

BAD BLOOD.

Blood that has become impregnated with corrupt humors and poisonous admixtures, is quickly cleansed and purified, and made clean and healthy.

DISEASED ORGANS.

Organs that have been deranged and prostrated, and rendered incapable of performing their natural functions, are suddenly invigorated and strengthened, and enabled to perform their natural duties.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

DISEASED ACTION.

Wherever there is pain or uneasiness, or sores or itching of the skin or parts of the body—wherever either one or more of the organs is unable to perform its functions in a natural way,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

Will quickly resolve away from the system the cause of all diseased action, and restore each and every organ to their natural strength and vigor.

LADIES IN ILL HEALTH,

Suffering from unnatural drains and all other complaints incident to females, are assured that RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will invigorate, regenerate, and make sound and healthy, the unsound parts of each and every organ that is in a diseased and unnatural condition.

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS,

But many trees bear no fruit at all. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will remove all unnatural causes from the generative organs, and will assist the procreative functions in their natural duties.

Let none despair of bearing good fruit; for, as sure as the Renovating Resolvent is taken, the tree will blossom, and in due time bring forth its fruits, free from disease or any hereditary ailments.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous, and healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.

In WOMEN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove, and make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY, and DEPRESSED feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

BAD BLOOD

Makes bad flesh, unsound bones, weak nerves, lame joints, and in fact an unhealthy body. Let the blood be tainted or impregnated with poison, and the parts of the system formed of poisonous blood will likewise become diseased. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will make the blood pure and healthy, renovate every organ and secretion of the system, and resolve away all diseased and unhealthy deposits.

SKIN DISEASES.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT is a quick and powerful Sudorific. It acts upon the skin and its secretions, freeing this organ from all corrupt visitations, cleansing its pores from poisonous humors, and freeing its external layer or surface from Sores, Blotches, Pimples, and other disfigurements.

PUTRID FLESH.

A man, aged 40, in his youth was indiscreet and contracted a loathsome disease which threatened his life. He was a victim of ill-treatment—he was salivated with mercury, and for years his body has been covered with foul and corrupt humors. He commenced the use of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. He had used but one bottle when all the mercurial deposits were driven out of his system. He is now well.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman, who supposed that this complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been affected with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the

POISONOUS RHEUM

ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

Diseases that have been lingering in the system for five, ten, or twenty years, where the human body itself is part and parcel of diseased matter, where the bones have become soft and carious, causing the ends of them to ulcerate — where Nodes, Bronchital Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers afflict the system—where Syphilis in its many forms, like a leprosy, burns within the human body, spreading its poisonous flame to every organ of the system,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

has speedily Resolved away all corrupt and poisonous material—Renovated the system—purified the blood, and built up a new body with new and healthy blood.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

is sold by Druggists generally.

BRUISES.

Radway's Ready Relief, applied to a bruise or wound, will instantly allay the pain and prevent the skin from becoming discolored. Gentlemen who indulge in pugilistic amusements, should keep by them a bottle of R. R. R.; if any accident should occur, by which their skin would be bruised or personal appearance disfigured, an application of R. R. R. will remove all difficulties, and keep the skin whole and sound.

Price of R. R. Relief $1.00, 50 and 25 cts.
RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street.
Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Continued from 1st page.

7. Lord Exeter's ch f Kohinoor, by Slane — Norman 0
9. Baron Rothschild's br f Lady Louisa, by Touchstone — Simpson 0
10. Baron Rothschild's b f Mentmore Lass, by Melbourne — Charlton 0
11. ‡ Mr. Greville's b f Exhibition, by Bay Middleton — Flatman 0
12. Mr. Wentworth's b f Mabella, by Melbourne — Holmes 0
13. Mr. J. M. Stanley's b f Hybia, by Bay Middleton — J. Marson 0
15. Mr. Howard's b f Mistletoe, by Melbourne — Templeman 0
16. ‡ Mr. Bowe's b f The Queen, by Iago — Bumby 0
19. Capt. Scott's b f Helena (h b), by Launcelot — D. Wynne.

Betting at starting: 5 to 4 agst Catherine Hayes, 2 to 1 agst Mistletoe, 6 to 1 agst Mentmore Lass, 10 to 1 agst The Queen, 20 to 1 each agst Dove and Coalition, and 30 to 1 any other. The start took place at three o'clock precisely, and was admirably effected. The first from the post was Miss Tennyson, but Helena immediately headed her, though for a few strides only, the lead being then taken by Lady Louisa, Catherine Hayes lying on her left, England's Beauty and Kohinoor on the right, Coalition, Helena, Mistletoe, and Mentmore Lass succeeding them, as the head of the ruck, which was closely packed together; the Miss Sarah filly, Mabella, Lady Margaret, Nicotine, and the Queen bringing up the rear. They proceeded in this order to the top of the hill, past Sherwood's house, when Catherine Hayes showed in advance for a short distance, but Mistletoe, heading her about the junction of the old course, went on with a lead of half a length, the favourite lying at her quarters, on the inside, having Kohinoor, Coalition, and England's Beauty close up on the outside; Lady Louisa and Helena ere this having disappeared from the front rank. Immediately afterwards, Mentmore Lass drew away from the ruck and laid by herself, between the main body and the leading horses, with home no change occurred until commencing the descent to Tattenham Corner. Catherine Hayes then resumed the lead, Mistletoe, Kohinoor, Coalition, and England's Beauty remaining with her companions until making the turn into the straight, where Mistletoe was in difficulties, and England's Beauty also giving way, the favourite went out, and took a strong lead, Kohinoor, Coalition, and Mentmore Lass following her. At the distance the two latter were beaten, and, a little further up, were passed by Dove, Nicotine, and the Miss Sarah filly, who had previously laid away; Dove obtained second place at the stand, but failed to reach the favourite, who went on by herself, and won in the commonest of canters by a length and a half. The Miss Sarah filly caught Nicotine a few strides from the chair, and beat her by a head for third place. About a length from them, were the Queen fifth, Mabella sixth, Mentmore Lass seventh, and Hybla eighth; the last lot being Lady Louisa, Mistletoe, Lady Margaret, and Helena; Wynne, as in the Derby, again acting as whipper-in. Run in 2min. 52sec. Net value of the stakes £3,800.

PEDIGREE OF CATHERINE HAYES.

Catherine Hayes is by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan, her dam Quadrille, by Selim out of Canary Bird, by Whiskey or Sorcerer—Canary, by Coriander.

YACHTING.

The Championship of Scotland.

Great excitement prevails in the North in respect to the issue of this great event in the rowing chronicles of Scotland. The match comes off on Saturday, 25th June, about two, P. M., on the beautiful waters of the Gærloch, an arm of the sea and a branch of the Firth of Clyde. The course will be about four miles long. Each of the three choice crews of Perth, Leven and Glasgow, is warmly supported and cheered by an enthusiastic public, who look upon this great national match as of all engrossing moment. The crews are in active training, and equally confident of victory. The members of the City of Glasgow Regatta Club have chartered the steamer Reindeer to accompany the race, and in order to give full *eclat* to the momentous event, by the kind permission of the colonel and officers of the 77th Regt., the full military band will enliven the scene with appropriate airs, and hail with the sweet strains of their music "the conquering heroes." The crew who row for the honour of Glasgow have lately launched a magnificent new boat, christened "The Maid of the Clyde." She is really a first-rater, her model is beautiful in the extreme, and her speed as yet unrivalled. She speaks volumes in praise of her builder, and, we doubt not, the care which Mr. Geddes has bestowed on her construction will not be unrequited in the success which may attend her in the approaching match and future career, and soon extend the fame of the Clyde built gigs and pleasure craft, and to equal the high standing, which her iron ships and steamers have assumed in the mercantile world.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club.

Yesterday (Saturday) week all the yachts which were about the station joined in fleet under the flag of their Commodore, on the occasion of the opening cruise of the season, to Beaumaris and Carnarvon, the weather having been beautifully fine for some time past. The fleet assembled off New Brighton at 11 A.M., with a fine free breeze from the south east. The Commodore, Thomas Littledale, Esq. had a party of friends on board the Ariel schooner, and gave the signal to follow in succession. The fleet consisted of the schooner Ariel; the Freak, Thomas Birchall, Esq. and his party; the Seabird, H. Melling, Esq. hon. secretary, accompanied by several of the officers, and on board of which vessel was hoisted the flag of the Rear-Commodore, Jonathan Grindrod, Esq; the Ranger, R. M. Grinnell, Esq.; the Surprise, H. F. Rigge, Esq; the Stanley, Thomas Wilson, Esq; the Stranger, N. Jackson, Esq; an American built sloop-rigged yacht; the Jilt, A. Bridson, Esq., all of which yachts had a party of friends on board. At the north west lightship the whole of the fleet "hove to" by signal from the Commodore, and afterwards signalled to come on board the Commodore's ship. Here some of the yachts parted company, but the main fleet pursued their course to Beaumaris, and arrived there at half-past five P. M. There was some very fine sailing between the various yachts; but, as the wind was a leading one, it did not offer any opportunity of testing their respective sailing powers to windward. After spending some days at Beaumaris, and enjoying the grand and beatiful scenery of that wellknown locality, the yachts had to beat all the way back from Carnarvon and Beaumaris, from the Menai Straits to Liverpool, on account of the prevailing easterly winds.

On Saturday next, June 4, the first sailing match of the season will take place for two pieces of plate. The following is the entry for the race, first class:—

Yacht.	Tons.	Owner.
CORALIE	38 . . .	A. E. Byrne, Esq.

The entry for this class not having filled this race will not come aff. Most probably the two valuable prizes of her Majesty's Plate and the Challenge Cup, which takes place on the 18th and 19th July, has prevented the larger yachts of the club entering for this prize. However, there is a very good entry for the second class prize, and as the yachts are nearly all of the same size there will no doubt be a good contest. The entry for the second class is

YACHTS.	TONS.	OWNERS.
CONSTANCE	15	F. D. P. Astley, Esq.
RANGER	13	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
STRANGER	11	N. Jackson, Esq.
SEABIRD	33	Hon. Secretary.
SURPRISE	16	H. F. Rigge, Esq.
PRESTO	8	Bower, Esq.
STANLEY	16	Thos. Wilson, Esq.

A Challenge to all Europe,

FOR $100,000, OR THE HONOUR OF THE AMERICAN FLAG!

The yacht *Silvie*, Capt. COMSTOCK, sailed from Depau's Island, (Westchester County, N. Y., opposite New Rochelle), on Saturday, 11th instant, at 10 o'clock, for Havre. She was built by GEORGE STEERS, at the same time and alongside of the "America," and may be said to be her twin sister. Possibly there is no improvement on the model or rig of the America. *Nous verrons!* The Silvie is 105 tons, and her spirited owner, who is a young gentleman of family and fortune in this city, is willing to test her sailing qualities with anything in Europe (not excepting the renowned America), for *any amount of money* or for *the Honour of the American Flag!*

The "Silvie" from Havre, sails for Cowes. She carries a crew of eleven picked men, all Smack men of Long Island Sound, all young, handy, and handsome, who "know the ropes," are "up" to a "Po'keepsie shake," and "don't lose anything when they break!" LOUIS DEPAU, Esq., her owner, sails for England in a few days, and will join her at Cowes. The yachts of England or Russia *may* beat the "Silvie," but they cannot "take down" her owner for enterprize, spirit, or hospitality. The best wishes of twenty millions of people are with him, and though he may not command success, he will deserve it!

PEDESTRIANISM.

Doings at the Royal Oak, Barking Road.

TUESDAY, MAY 24.—This being the natal day of her Majesty, and the weather continuing so fine, every thing wore a holiday appearance. The launch of a gigantic vessel at Mr. Mare's, Blackwall, brought an immense assemblage to that locality, and some hundreds of the spectators, after that event, repairing to the racing grounds of Mr. Beswick at the Royal Oak, imparted a degree of life and spirit not altogether usual even in these generally well-frequented grounds. The arrangements of the matters connected with the running and walking matches, were of a most satisfactorily improving character, much of which may be attributed to the energetic conduct of Mr. Chandler, who exerted himself very much, both to preserve order, and insure punctuality.

The "opening" of the day was an essay of young Frank Priestley to walk six miles within one hour, for £5 a side, and manfully did he go through his task, and won his (or his backers) wager by three quarters of a minute. He is a youth just 13 years of age, only 6¼st in weight, and four feet three inches in height, and brother to William Priestley, of pedestrian celebrity.—He is a fine lad and one of "goodly promise." To this succeeded

A WALKING MATCH OF SEVEN MILES, FOR A CUP STATED TO BE OF £15 VALUE.—The following contended—C. Westhall, at scratch; Clarke and Newman, with a start of three quarters of a minute; and Durham with half a minute. In the second lap Durham passed both Clarke and Newman; at the end of the third lap Newman resigned the contest, and attended on Westhall as his *cavalier servente* throughout the remainder of the match. Through the second and third miles the struggle for supremacy was admirably contested between Durham and Clarke, they never being more than a yard apart, Westhall gradually stealing on them. At the end of the third mile Westhall came in a foot ahead of Durham; Clarke a yard behind—the latter. At the commencement of the tenth lap Clarke resigned all claim to the laurel, and then ensued a beautiful match between Westhall and Durham. Westhall never appeared to be in finer fettle; but he had an adversary of no ordinary power to contend with, and one that really put him to the "pin of his collar" to maintain a superiority over. There was a good deal of betting now as to who would win, and the universal cry was, "Ten pound Charley wins!" but both the contending parties being "Charley's" led to a most extraordinary, and, it must be confessed, disagreeable *equivoque* at the end of the match, winners and losers but contending that they had backed *their* Charley. A better contested match from this to the termination has seldom been seen; and Westhall, at the conclusion of the twenty-first lap (not quite seven miles), went in a winner by 50 yards, covering the distance in 56min. 4sec. The next feat of the day was—

JOHN HOWARD, the noted sprint runner, jumping 21 feet in one bound, the which he effected very cleverly, from a small stage not more than the size of a writing desk, and of an elevation of eight inches. This young man, for his extreme agility, deserves more than a *running* commentary, and therefore we shall acquaint our readers that he is but 27 years of age, 5ft 8½ inches in height, and weighs 10st 10lb—an age, weight, and height that is nearly as possible everything to be wished for towards the development of agility. At the Flora Grounds, Bayswater, on the previous day, he had leaped over a canvas platform, three feet high and 18 feet long, with much ease, upon the present occasion he, in a rehearsal, if we may so call it, previous to attempting his grand *coup*, jumped 23ft 9in, clearing a handkerchief, held near the centre, 53 inches high. Upon the course being cleared for him, and his taking a run of about 30 yards to his "board," he accomplished the feat with much apparent ease, heeling a space of 24ft 3in, in a truly "Voltigeur" style. The wind up of the evening (for it was now approaching eight o'clock) was

A FOUR MILE level race for a very handsome silver watch. It was contended for by novices who had never won more than £5, for which William Priestley, Burke, Taylor, and Frost (not George) started. That Priestley should be allowed to run among "novices" appeared rather strange, he being a noted good one, but he asserting that he had as good a right to be considered a novice as Burke, and that he could prove the latter to have won more than £5, he was permitted to go; the adjudication of the prize—should either of them win—to depend eventually on the truth or falsehood of Priestley's assertion. At four minutes past eight o'clock, the four above mentioned worthies started from the scratch at a clipping pace, Priestley taking the lead, with Frost and Taylor well up, Burke considerably in arrear. At the end of the fifth lap Frost gave in, and Priestley, to the astonishment of all, quietly resigned the contest at the termination of the 9th. The match now, of course, was between Burke and Taylor, the former of whom in a very short time *burked* his opponent, and was, at the finale, 50 yards ahead of him. Whether Burke be entitled to the watch depends upon the circumstance we have above spoken of. Thus terminated the sports of the day

Der Masheen.

A writer thus happily hits off the manners and customs of the fellers "wot runs wid der masheen."

Opposite my dwelling, also, is a fire-engine, which is in a constant state of preparation for emergencies, to the great mystification of myself and of several small boys, which latter daily collect on the side-walks, and look with profound curiosity into the dim recesses of the engine room. Never had engine such devoted attendants. Long and profound consultations are held respecting the health of the "machine" by young men in pea-jackets; the wheels are greased three times a day, and about as often the object of their solicitude is gently conducted around the block, by way of exercise, while scouting parties of young men, in straight hats, with ringlets in front of their ears, solicitous for the welfare of the insurance companies, walk to the corners to see if they can discover indications of a fire in any direction. If none are to be seen, they walk moodily back, and form a knot in front of the engine-house. The last fire is then talked over, and the merits of each "machine" are discussed. I am sorely afraid, from what I overhear, that our city is but scurvily provided with fire-engines, as it seems, by their conversation, that every "machine" in the city, except their own, is utterly useless, and not a fire has taken place, whose extinguishment is not owing to the superior merits of their engine, and the superior energy of its followers.

A Beautiful Craft.

The "Pride of the Seas," a schooner just completed by the Messrs. Steers, was launched from their yard on Saturday afternoon, and in beauty of outline, durability and convenience, she is certainly as beautiful a craft as floats upon our waters.—Though designed for the purposes of trade, she presents the appearance of a pleasure yacht, and we have no doubt that when her sailing qualities are tested she will prove worthy of the fame of her young and enterprising builders. Her owners are Messrs. C. and G. Fox, and C. Scofield, who have evinced great liberality in her structure. Her dimensions are as follows:—namely, length of deck, one hundred and five feet; width of beam, twenty-six feet, and depth of hold, teen feet; and in carpenter's measurement is about two hundred and fifty tons. She has a flush deck with trunk cabin, twenty-two feet long, containing six state rooms, water closet, pantry, &c. The cabin is of polished hard wood, with neat gilt mouldings. A house amidships contains a caboose and rooms far the mates, cock and steward. She has a billet head and carved trail board, gilt eagle on her stem, and is coppered to nine feet aft and eight feet forward, and copper fastened to eleven feet water line. She is designed for the Australian trade.

KNICK-KNACKS.

JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.—A friend says the following story is a fact. Two boys of tender years, who went by the name of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain New England town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their age, names, &c.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the first one, "what is your name?"

"Tom," promptly answered the juvenile.

"*Tom!*" said the teacher—"that doesn't sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said *Thom-as.* Now, my son," (turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly discovered idea,) "will you tell me what your name is?"

"*Jack-ass!*" replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

The teacher was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and merely motioned the lads to their seats.

MARCH OF INTELLECT IN ENGLAND.—At the Worcestershire Sessions, in one case the jury returned the following verdict:—"Guilty, with some little doubt *as to whether he is the man!*" The judge couldn't stand this, but sent them packing.

A PRELATE sat down to a dish of broth, and just as he had swallowed the first mouthful, was reminded by his servant that it was fast day. "Rascal," cried he, giving his monitor a box on the ear, "you have told me either too soon or too late."

☞ Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which lengthens with the setting sun of life.

☞ Two things are generally received with disgust, though administered with good intentions—truth and physic.

☞ Let the polite world take notice of the following classical renovation of an old phrase:

"*Brought up all standing*" will hereafter be used as follows:—

Arrested by a strong, opposing force,
And struck into the perpendicular!

☞ A lady of our acquintance likes the idea of a "home league" so much, that she hopes her husband will join it. "It is well known," said she, "that he has not been at home three nights in a week for nine years."

☞ "My eye and Betty Martin," may be expressed with a slight poetical variation as follows:—

"The whole comprised within my optic's range.
With a small sprinkling of Elizabeth!"

A FELLOW "Down East," says that the times are so hard, that he thinks of leaving this world, *and climbing a tree.*

A LADY was asked at the Springs, during the past season, "how she liked Crabb's Tales?" "I never knew that crabs had tails," she replied with a look of grave and innocent wonder.

A PATENT dentist advertised that a person using his artificial teeth, would universally have a sweet breath, would always speak correctly, and would do with half the usual quantity of food.

CHANGE.—A sailor looking serious in a certain chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change—whereupon the tar put his hand in his pocket, and said, "not a cent."

TRUE.—Fame is like a shaved pig, with a greased tail; and it is only when it has slipped through the hands of some thousands, that some fellow, by mere chance, holds on to it.

HORRIBLE.—A very handsome young lady, Down East, they say, went a whole day without going to her looking glass. Her sufferings must have been excruciating.

AN OLD bachelor having died of an *affection of the heart*, a young lady declared she did not wonder that he died when such a circumstance took place with *his* heart.

RETORT.—A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight lacing. "Why," replied Miss, "you would not surely recommend *loose habits* to your parishioners."

RUN DOWN a stag, run down a fox, run down a hill, but never run down the ladies! If they are *chaste* it is no reason why they should be *chased.*

"DICK, you have got a hole in your trowsers." "Well, who cares? It will wear longer than a patch." "Yes," says Sam, "and wider too."

HARD DRINKING.—An Irishman being requested to define hard drinking, said "it was sitting on a rock, and drinking cold water.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, SALT-RHEUM, TETTER, PILES, SCALD-HEAD, CAKED BREAST, SORE NIPPLES, SORE SHINS, BURNS AND SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT, STIFF JOINTS, BRUISES, CUTS, CHAFES, GALLS, SPAVIN, SPLENT, RING-BONE, SWENEY, SORES, SCRATCHES, POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat.*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & Co —

We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.

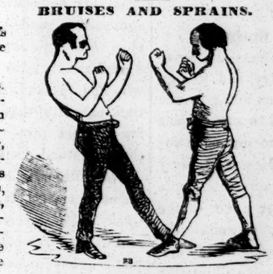
Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & Co.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,

CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.



We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c., or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person. By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all these discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

Mr. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly caloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.

Yours, very truly, WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

Mr. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable.* When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at **25** cents—**50** cents—and **1** dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.

NEW

VOL. I.—No. 10.

The Fourth of July.

Dawn of oppression's fall! thy morning ray
Brought hope, tho' robed in tempest, to mankind,
And heralded in clouds the bright noon-day,
Which burst in fulness, on the chainless mind:
For tho' a tyrant's legions were combined
To shroud in endless gloom thy early light,
Unflinching hands our DECLARATION signed,
And hearts, whom danger's front could ne'er affright,
Rejoiced as thy first ray gleam'd o'er oppression's night.

Fresh in the patriot's fancy glow again
Thy deeds of glory!—the dark storm of war,
Scowling in blackness, o'er the gory plain,
And through it glimmering dimly and afar,
The lonely light of Freedom's struggling star—
The spirits of the brave oppressed and bowed
Beneath the wheels of despotism's car—
The ringing musket and the cannon loud,
And bright swords leaping forth, like lightning on the cloud!

And as again fond memory portrays
The stormy time when Freedom's doubtful fire
First gleamed upon its altar—the dark days
Through which, with spirits never known to tire,
Our fathers boldly braved the tyrant's ire,
And to the storm their starry banner spread,
And brooked, in every form, misfortunes dire,
And for their rights, their life-blood nobly shed—
Our inmost souls are stirred in homage for the dead.

From the cold North unto the sunny South;
From the Atlantic to the trackless West,
A people's voice is raised as from one mouth,
In praise of WASHINGTON—by all confessed
Of Freedom's sons the bravest and the best—
Who stood, when others faltered, undismayed—
Who to the wildest blast exposed his breast,
And nobler still, aside his armor laid,
When victory crowned the cause for which he drew his blade.

Freedom oppressed, hath sought a refuge here,
And reared its heavenly beacon—and his sail,
Hither the wanderer of the deep may steer,
And find a peaceful haven from the gale;
And tho' false pens abuse and foemen rail,
And, artfully, each cause of strife be fanned,
Yon light on Freedom's steep shall ne'er grow pale
Whilst cherished is the memory of that band,
Whose valor lit it first above our native land.

Yes—long as Freemen faithful shall remain,
And in their dead sires' glory take a pride,
Upon yon banner there shall rest no stain,
And tyrants and their minions be defied;
And bright'ning still o'er time's remotest tide
Shall gleam our fame—'till, kindling at the sight,
The nations of the earth shall, far and wide,
Burst the dark bondage of oppression's night,
And Freedom over all shed its immortal light!

THE INSULT.

Towards the close of a summer's day, in the year 17—, a party of gentlemen in the undress uniform of British officers, were seated in front of a country tavern in Virginia, discussing such scraps of news as each had chanced to pick up in the dull neighborhood of country quarters. As they proceeded in their remarks from grave to gay, the laugh and jeer grew frequent, till at last one of them suddenly asked "if they had heard of Frazer's mishap?"

"No, what's that, Hamilton?" was the eager question.

"Oh, nothing but a forged paymaster's order for a hundred pounds."

"Sir, that's false," said a voice.

The officer started as if an adder had stung him—and as his fierce eye rested on the speaker, said, "who are you that gives me the lie?"

"A man, who does not like to hear his friend slandered," replied the offender.

The stranger was a young man dressed in the uniform of the provincial service. He was tall and strongly built, and if not fashioned like Apollo, there was an ease, a manliness in the air, a greatness in the bearing, which, addressing itself to the soul, amply made up for any defect in corporeal beauty—his countenance even in that moment of youthful heat indicated a nature whose spirit was conciliation. His cheek was flushed, and his brow knit with anger as he steadily returned the gaze of the officer, and at times clear and distinct said, "I know Major Frazer, he is an honorable man."

"He may have been yesterday," said the Englishman, handing his card, "but he is now under arrest for the crime I have mentioned. You wear the dress of a gentleman, can you fight like one?"

"My conscience forbids me to fight a duel," said the young man with a faltering voice.

"Then your conscience should have forbidden you to wound the honor of a soldier. I find, Maurice, that our countrymen's opinion of provincial valor is a correct one," said the officer, taking the arm of a companion and walking down the road, "who would have thought that that man was a coward?"

The rest of the group after indulging their contempt in signs, turned their backs on the offender, and resumed their conversation.

They had continued talking for some time, when a slight groan attracted their attention to the stranger. He was leaning against a tree which stood at a short distance from him. His arms were folded on his breast, and his face was pale and slightly convulsed with emotion.

One of the group left his companions and approached him—but as the sound of his footsteps struck the ear of the stranger, he raised his head, and saluting the Englishman, passed on.

The officer, an elderly man, returned to he group, saying, as he seated himself—